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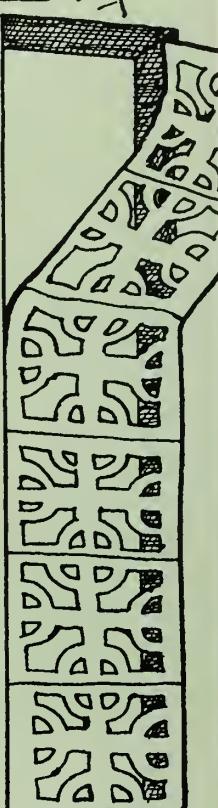
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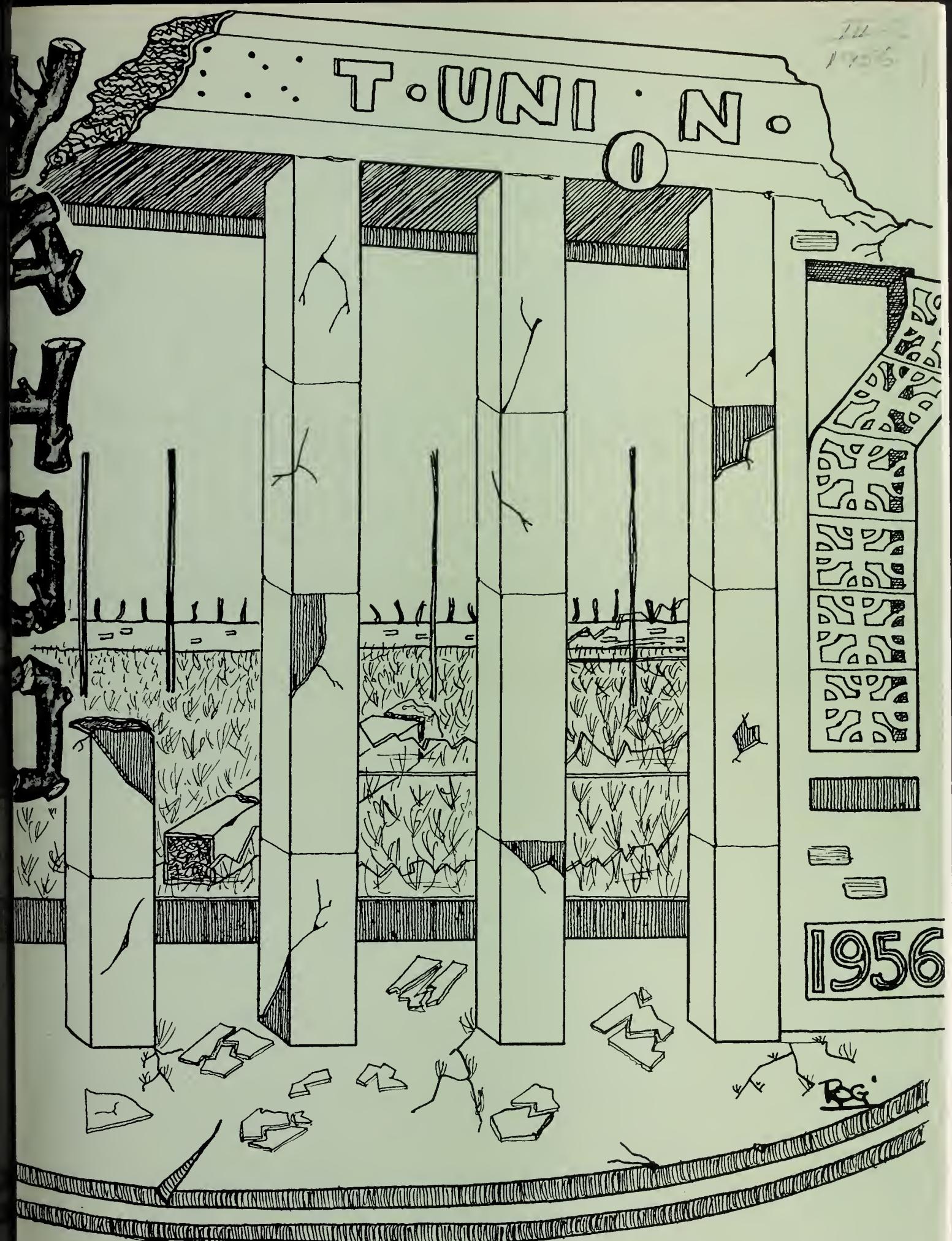
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1956



L. 3 No. 2

25 cents

Everybody Goes to the



UNIVERSITY STORE



B

COMMON SENSE

When in the course of human events, one finds an institution which he has known and cherished being threatened by new and untried innovations, it behooves him to stop and think, "What the hell is going on?" In these times that try the souls of men, with the old ideas competing for favor with the new, thinking men must take it upon themselves to rise up against these forces which threaten to destroy society as we know it.

Ever since the powers that be have caused to be erected a new edifice known as the Student Union, the library has been empty. Our former social center has been turned into a barren cavern where the mere turning of a page causes such echoes that the Reserve cage reverberated with the noise. The stacks are filled with the ghosts of former lovers and a few timid students doing research on manure production. Can we allow this to continue? Can we allow this cradle of our liberties to remain deserted while multitudes, led astray by the promises of pleasure and the promises of princes, yea, even the princes of the campus, flock to this new and dangerous institution?

Our library has resorted to new tricks to win back its strayed sheep. A coffee shop is being installed in the reference room which is only used for term papers. A lounge will be set up

in the main reading room, and every Thursday night will be Clearance night. Every thing must go. Reserve books, as many as you can carry while they last, and a special on closed stack books, maps and encyclopedias. Shades of Filene's basement. Record booths will be opened, and the library staff will entertain on Tuesdays.

Don't let this old place die, give your pennies, keep the gallant old library on the campus. Remember, patronize your local library.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

It was the third year of the Rock 'n Roll age. Hillbillies, who heretofore had been kept within restrictive boundaries, were now blossoming forth like unrestrained ragweed. The sounds at the start of this era were known as "Rhythm and Blues." This origin had since been completely hidden by these refugees from stills and caves. The marshalling cry was that the world eagerly awaited a "new sound" that would stir the emotions as no other sound had ever done.

Grange meetings were now used to produce this new attack on the eustachian tube. The cacophony which resulted will be inscribed in the annals of time under the heading: "The Southern Renaissance." What else could this land of heat and aridness produce? One of the first noises that

the southland emitted turned out to be a simulated hog-call. At first, the Northerners were unwilling to accept this discordant cry; but when these sound pioneers lyricized this clamor, the run on the record shops began. To different groups, the tumult meant something else. To people who had never heard a hog-call before, the feeling of vicarious adventure was strong. To professional hog-callers, a new field of endeavor opened. They could now sell their racket by mail. The economy of the South was booming.

However, as must always happen, critics of the sound appeared. When the upstanding citizens of the southern communities read these critical analyses, they decided that for the continuation of the traditional decorum of the southland these "racketeers" must be banished. The hog-callers now became martyrs. They were exiled from the community proper. They moved their sleeping bags into the caves of the Ozark Mountains.

Their new surroundings produced one of the most commercial gimmicks of all time—the echo chamber. The caverns resounded with eerie moans, unearthly shrieks, and unintelligible mumbles. The mumbles were recorded and labeled "love songs." The unintelligibility of these mouthings proved a boon to the market. An enterprising salesman saw the possibility of an international market. He sent representatives to all the known countries on

the globe. The success was astounding! The entire earth was now producing the new sound. From Outer Mongolia to Sumatra; from Atoll sixty-nine to the southern most tip of Antarctica—the cacophony was horrendous.

In the fourth year of the "Cacophonous Age" the Earth could stand the vibrations no longer. When a particularly powerful combination of discords boomed from the Earth and ricocheted from the firmament, the inner gasses of the planet erupted in a magnificent chord that resounded throughout the Universe—The planet Earth was no longer.

The spirits of the Earth pieced together the flying particles to remind the solar system of the aspirations of its former member. On a clear night, the inhabitants of the planet Phineus may read this epigram in the southern sky: "Sic transit gloria Mundi"—"Thus passes the glory of the World."

THE MAIL POUCH

To the Editor of *Ya-Hoo*:

I have a problem. I am 20 years old and a junior at the University. I have been dating the same girl for two years. She is now in her sixth month. Should I ask her to the Greek Ball?

Irving Feldman

Irving: This question is very deep. If you are not responsible for her condition take her to the Ball; if you are responsible, leave town immediately.—Eds.

read it in *Ya-Hoo* it's true. Does Elvis have a lower half?

Irma (Dungaree Doll) Volzarian

Irma: Elvis does not have a lower half. He comes from a poor sharecropper family and worked his lower half off picking cotton.—Eds.

To M. L'Editeur:

Je m'en troubé beaucoup de plaisir dans votre publication, mais je pense que il manque de raunch.

M. de Sade.

Vous êtes so right.—Eds.

To the Editor of *Ya-Hoo*:

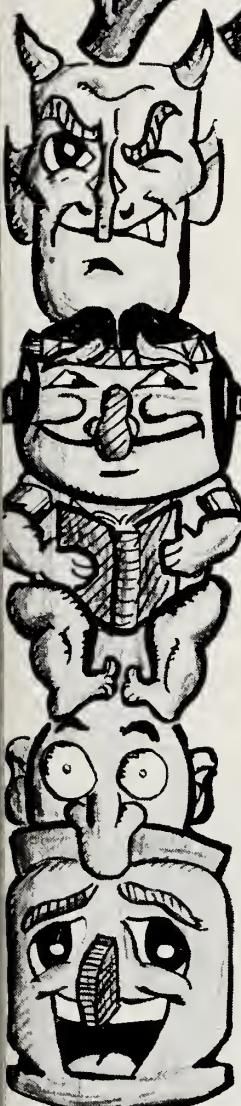
Your magazine has always been very helpful with regard to answering questions for home-makers. Here is my problem: What is the best way to remove bloodstains from a light-texture, deep pile broadloom rug?

Anxiously,
Mrs. J. Stifford Crapps



"Must you play toesies at a time like this, I hope?"

Massachusetts YA-HOO



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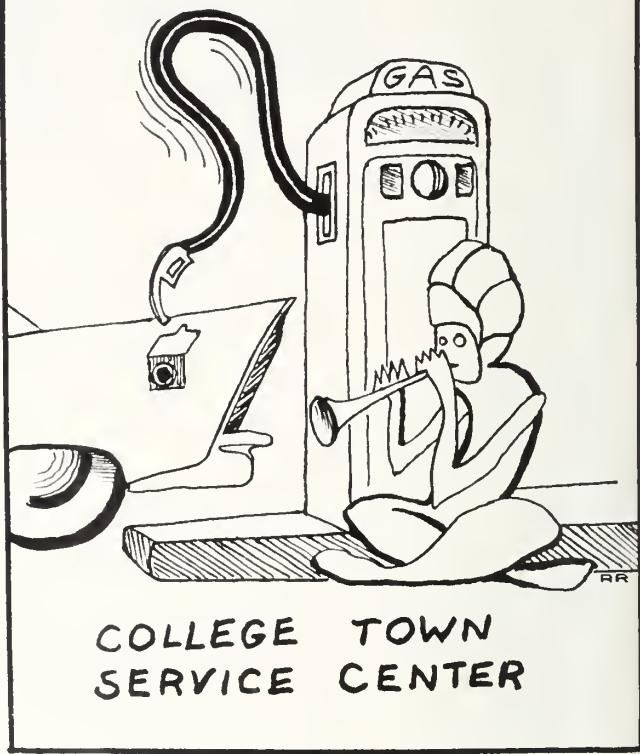
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AMHERST — THEATRE —

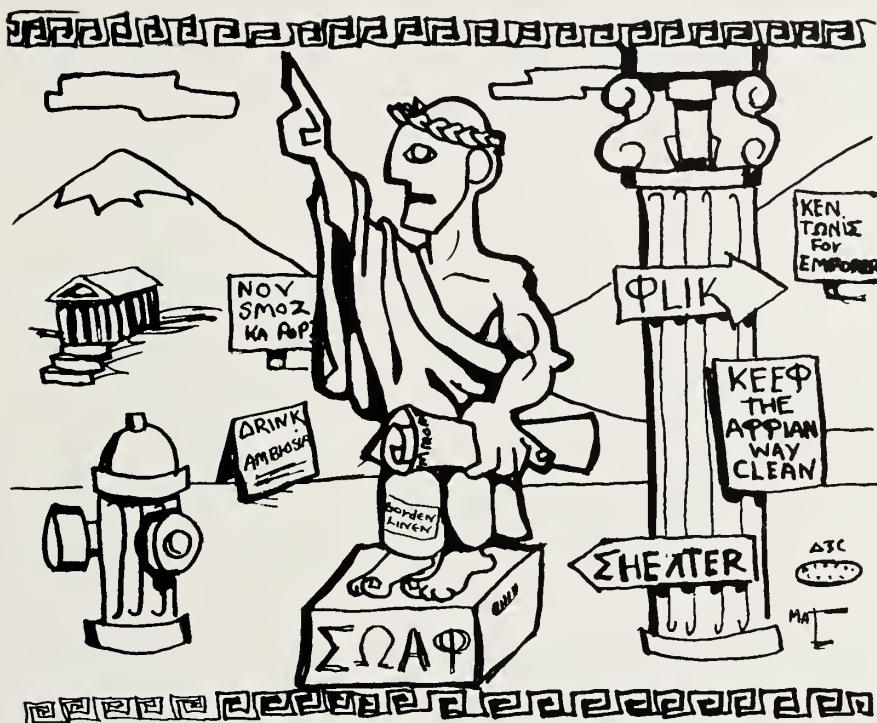


*Where Hits
Are A
Habit*

UNUSUAL SERVICE



"THE REPUBLIC(AN)"



Scene: Island of Crate, off the coast of Orange.

Personna: Pluto, Sodacrackers, and Votehere.

Part The One: All Personna sitting in Youripadeze's apartment philosophizing.

Sodacrackers Speaks:

"My friends, the question raised earlier in the evening over which we have advanced many philosophic remarks and have drunk many philosophic drinks still remains unanswered: 'Would it be truly Just to spend our last dracma on the Flicks?' Pluto, my friend, what is your concept?"

Pluto Speaks:

"My friend, I will, with your permission, pass the question on to Votehere."

Votehere Speaks:

"This is the best of all possible discussions."

Youripadeze (entering) Speaks:

"I do not wish to go to the cinema*!" (*Greek word meaning: "Flicks")

Sodacrackers Speaks:

"But the question is not whether we wish to go . . . but rather is it Just?"

Youripadeze Speaks:

"What the hell has Justice got to do with the Flicks?"

Votehere Speaks:

"This is the best of all possible discussions."

Youripadeze Speaks:

(To Votehere) "Unless you want a philosophic foot right in your philosophic face I'd shut up if I were . . ."

Softcleats (entering) Speaks:

"My friends, I have just completed a long sacrifice to Juice and I am fatigued. Juice told me in a dream that we should venture a dracma on the Flicks. I do not understand the hidden meaning."

Sodacrackers Speaks:

"Aha, my friends, I knew that was the right decision! Juice says that we should venture a dracma on this excellent form of relaxation."

Votehere Speaks:

"The best of all possible forms of relaxation."

Youripadeze Speaks:

"I'll kill that Greek bas . . ."

Odiferous (entering) Speaks:

"Hello my friends! I have returned unto you! Your long departed friend and weary traveler has at last returned unto his own!"

Sodacrackers Speaks:

"Thy parole came through?"

Odiferous Speaks:

"Yes, my friends, and at long last I am free to return and debate with you! What are we debating?

(Continued on page 17)

YA-HOO QUICKY QUIZ

Welcome, welcome, all you beady-eyed little quizzmongers. Tonight YA-HOO has something just for you! Yes, it's another of those Quickie Quizzes, just like you've seen in all the other big magazines. You may think you know all the answers but be careful, these questions are tricky!

True or False:

1. George Washington was the first president of the United States.

Answer: False! Ezika Snurd was the first president of the United States! George Washington was an early king of Mongolia whose name mistakenly entered our records when he applied for a loan.

2. Police Organizations sanction crime.

Answer: True! This is the latest find of several noted criminologists who have proved conclusively that the only effective way to abolish crime is to legalize it!

3. The sky is blue.

Answer: False! The sky is purple with aqua stripes! Our eyes are unable to sense this color due to the presence of large blue clouds which obscure the true sky!

4. One and One are eight.

Answer: False! One and one are thirty-two! Try it on your fingers and see for yourself! Well, it works for me.

5. There is no real Easter Bunny.

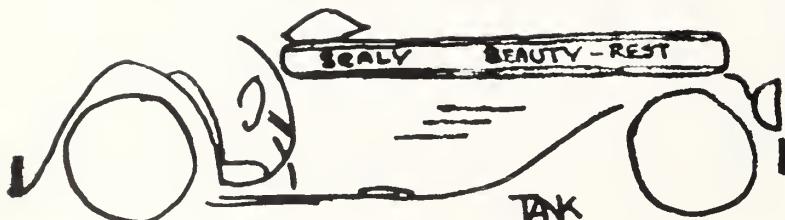
Answer: False! This elusive little creature has at last been seen and captured. He is at present writing abstract poetry for the *Quarterly* and may be seen daily at Memorial Hall.

6. Baldness is contagious.

Answer: True! If you are bald it is because you contracted it from a bald friend or relative. Seek revenge!

If you had one to three correct you are a dolt. More than three and you're a liar. Mark yourself on a curve, that way you'll flunk for sure.

Ed McManus '59



CALL

MUTUAL

Three times an enthusiastic patron made his way to the ticket window to place heavy bets on a horse named Bluebells in the third race. On the fourth pilgrimage a man tapped the bettor on the shoulder.

"Brother," he said, "it's none of my business but if I was you, I wouldn't bet so heavy on that Bluebells. He's not going to win the race."

"How do you know that?" asked the other.

"Because I own Bluebells and I know he isn't going to win."

"Well," said the bettor, "then all I can say is that it's going to be a mighty slow race—I own the other four horses."

INTERVIEW WITH AN ENGINEER

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Tonight, we have decided to honor the many freshmen engineers making their debut at the University of Massachusetts by presenting this tape-recorded interview with one of the most successful engineers of this, or of any other day. Leaders of the years ahead, look to your idol! The next voice you hear will be that of Mr. Sidney Slob, Graduate Engineer:

Sidney Slob: Is this the microphone?

Announcer: Good evening, Mr. Slob, and on behalf of the many young engineers listening let me thank you for granting us this interview.

S.S.: What does 'interview' mean?

Ann.: Wha . . .?

S.S.: I said, 'What does 'interview' mean?'.

Ann.: Yes, that's what I thought you said. 'Interview' means that I'm going to ask you some questions.

S.S.: Why didn't you say that in the first place instead of trying to mix me up?

Ann.: I'm sorry.

S.S.: Wanna see my slide rule?

Ann.: No thank you, I just want . . .

S.S.: What ya got against slide rules?

Ann.: Nothing, I think they're fine, but I just want to ask you a few question about . . .

S.S.: What's stoppin ya?

Ann.: Nothing, I'm just . . .

S.S.: You're full of 'nothing' tonight, aren't you?

Ann.: Yes, Mr. Slob, haha, now let's begin the interview, haha.

S.S.: You're hurting my arm.

Announcer: I understand you're with Amalgamated, Mr. Slob, is that an international organization?

Sidney Slob: Huh?

Ann.: 'BIG COMPANY'?

S.S.: Why didn't ya say that?

Ann.: I should have known.

S.S.: Yes, it's a very big company and I'm Head Engineer.

Ann.: What does that mean?

S.S.: I take care of the head.

Ann.: I see.

S.S.: But I told my girl that someday I'm going to be a big wheel.

Ann.: And what did she say?

S.S.: She asked me if I knew what dogs did to big wheels. I didn't understand that.

Ann.: I believe, I believe.

S.S.: The old engineer has been with the company forty years, but last night the president visited his house and found he owned a library!

Ann.: He was a dastard!

S.S.: Oh no, his folks had been married for years before he was . . .

Ann.: That isn't what I said!

S.S.: You're hurting my arm again.

Ann.: Well stop putting words in my mouth.

S.S.: Wanna see my slide rule?

Ann.: No, I do not want to see your dam slide rule!

S.S.: You didn't have to say that.

Ann.: SHUTTUP!

S.S.: You're not very friendly.

Announcer: SHUTTUP!

Sidney Slob: Back at school they told us everybody was friendly to engineers.

Ann.: SHUTTUP!

S.S.: We're so trusting.

Ann.: SHUTTUP!

S.S.: Have you any more questions?

Ann.: WHY YOU . . . haha, of course we have more questions, Mr. Slob, haha, don't think you're getting away without telling us more about yourself, haha.

S.S.: I wear a size ten shoe and my feet . . .

Ann.: No, no, Mr. Slob, we mean more about your profession, haha.

S.S.: 'Profession'?

Ann.: JOB!

S.S.: Why didn't you say that?

Ann.: Haha, oh Mr. Slob's a great kidder, haha.

S.S.: You're hurting my arm again.

Ann.: Now Mr. Slob, do you engineers have much free time for a night on the town?

S.S.: Oh gloryosky yes! Why just last week I took in a show! Or was it two weeks ago? Could have been a month maybe, or even . . .

Ann.: Well who was in it?

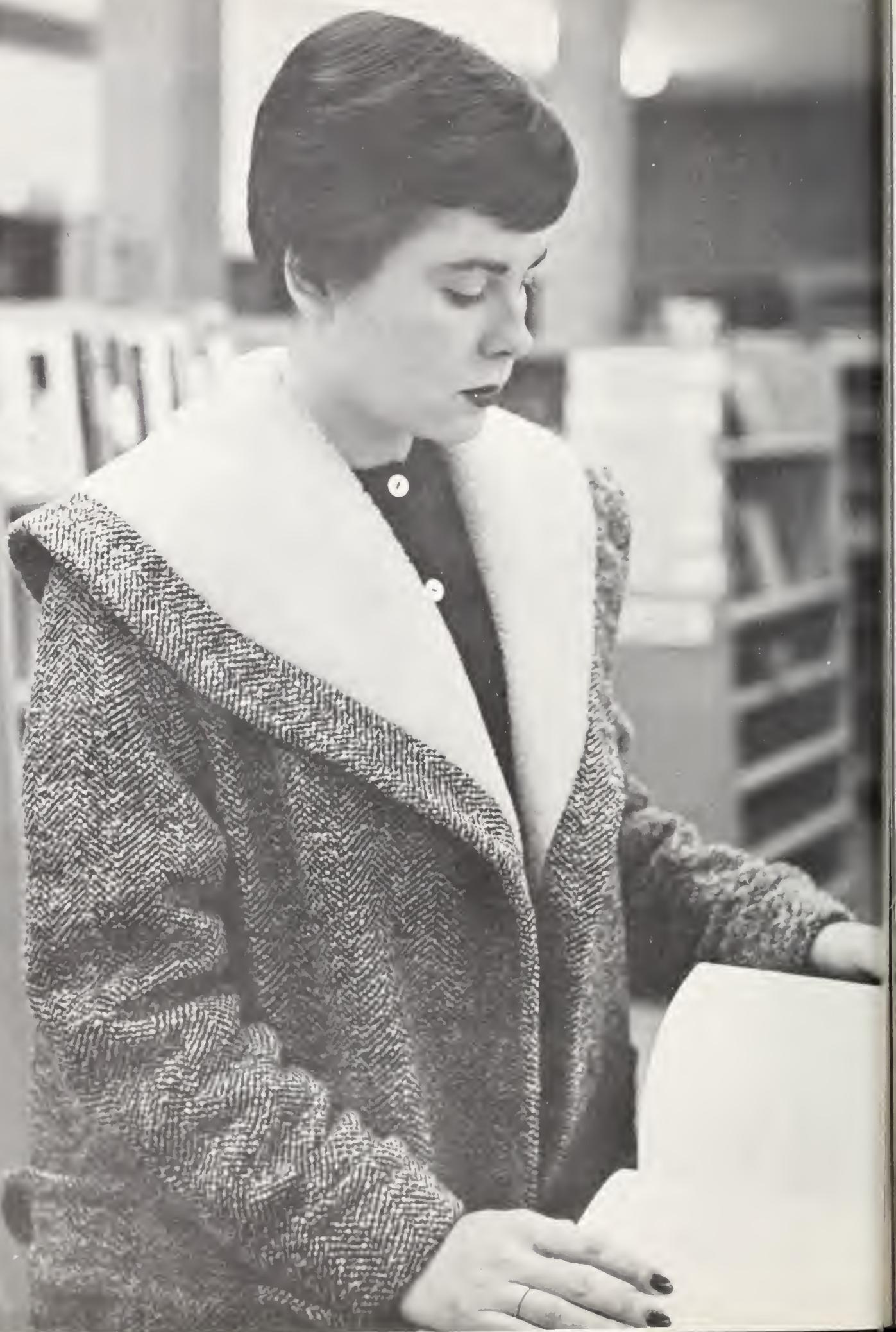
S.S.: Oh there was Francis X. Bushman, John Barrymore . . .

Ann.: An all-star cast!

S.S.: Gloryosky everybody was in it!

Ann.: And I bet you have quite the eye for the movie queens, eh Mr. Slob? Haha, hey? Aha?

(Continued on page 22)



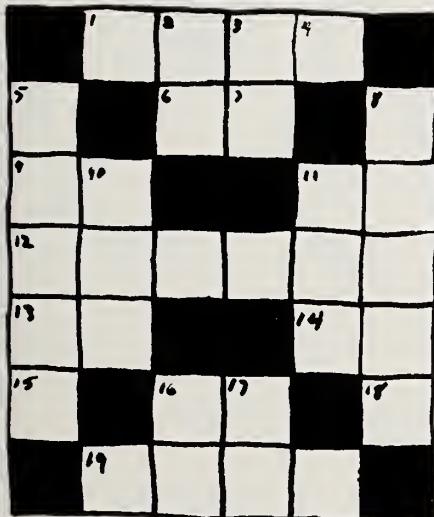
YA-HOO'S WIN A MILLION CONTEST

As an added incentive, to encourage its readers, to increase circulation, to make money, mainly to make money, *Ya-Hoo* is providing this easy to win, circulation building, money making quiz. The rules are simple: Merely complete the two problems, and mail in your solutions, along with two recappable tires, the top of your roommate's head, and 35¢ to:

"Win a Million Contest"

Ya-Hoo Office

Ya-Hoo Building



YA-HOO QUEEN

The picture on the opposite page represents a slight departure from the type of photograph usually associated with "Queens." We chose this one from a stack of hundreds because the staff felt that it showed to best advantage the quiet and gentle beauty of Marilyn Swift.

Marilyn is a KKG who, like so many of the nice people around here, will be leaving our little make-believe world in a couple of months for the terrors of the outside. She is an education major and, surprisingly enough, plans to teach after graduation . . . probably in Connecticut. We'll miss her, of course, but at least we will have this picture of her to cherish always.



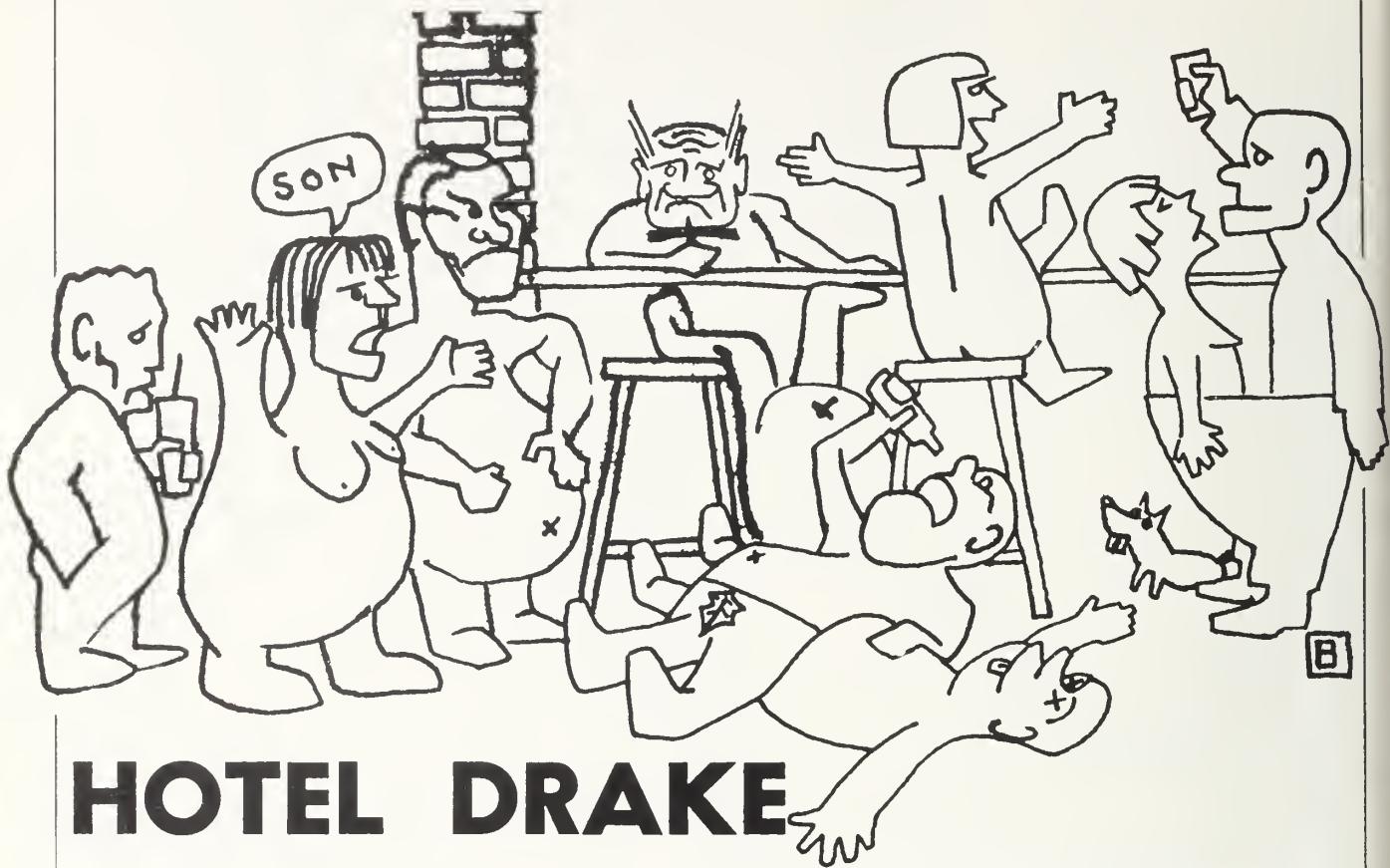
Connect the Dots

ACROSS

1. Youthful actress.
 6. Place of confinement.
 9. Type of business.
 11. Vegetable.
 12. Ideal governmental system.
 13. Curved pieces in an arch.
 14. Arrive at.
 16. Spare
 19. Gov. McFarland of Arizona.

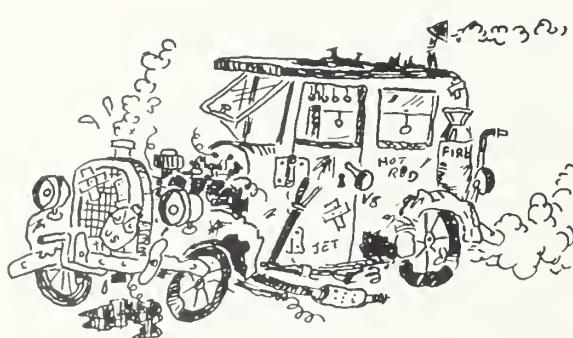
DOWN

2. Complacent.
 3. Art gallery in London.
 5. Noisy feast.
 8. Mountain.
 10. Contaminating.
 11. "Ye banks and — o'
 bonny Doon . . ."
 16. Famous hurricane.



HOTEL DRAKE

Time To See Us



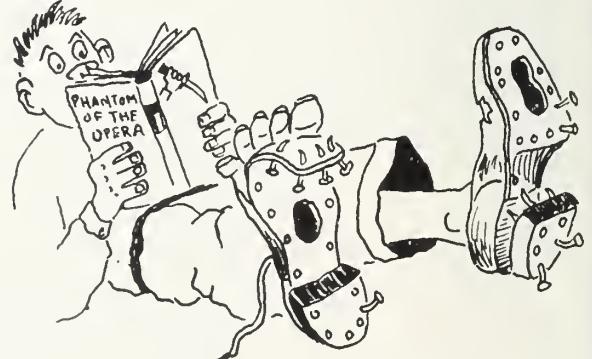
GIBSON CHEVROLET CO.

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AMHERST, MASS.

Time To Visit

BOLLES SHOE
STORE





"Maybe we ought to let the gallant old boy live."

A very pretty Vassar girl, president of the school's Science Club, asked the biology professor to address the group. The professor rose: "I have worked closely with your president for a number of years," he said, "and during that time we have been intimate . . ." The group giggled and the professor tried valiantly to cover his slip: "And when I say intimate, I mean, of course, in a biological way."

The traveling salesman found himself far out in the country. It was bedtime, and he was very tired. On coming to a farmhouse, he stopped and asked the farmer if there might possibly be a place where he could sleep that night.

The farmer frowned thoughtfully, then replied that he didn't have a spare room. However, if the traveler would like to go upstairs and sleep with the redheaded school teacher, it was perfectly all right with him.

The salesman drew himself up and said, "Sir, I will have you know that I am a gentleman."

To this the farmer answered, "So is the red-headed schoolteacher."

LEARN COLLEGE HEBREW AT CAMP THIS SUMMER

KNOW YOUR FRATERNITY OFFICERS

For the benefit of the freshman reader Ya-Hoo has gone to almost no trouble to present this campus guide of Fraternity Officers. Keep it with you during rushing.



The President

The President is given a gavel when installed. He is told to bang it twice at House Meetings and let the Brothers decide the issues. Sometimes he bangs it three times. Then he is impeached. Originality is not encouraged among Presidents.



The Vice-President

The Vice-President is told to give the President the gavel with his left hand. Sometimes he uses his right hand. Many Vice-Presidents are impeached also.



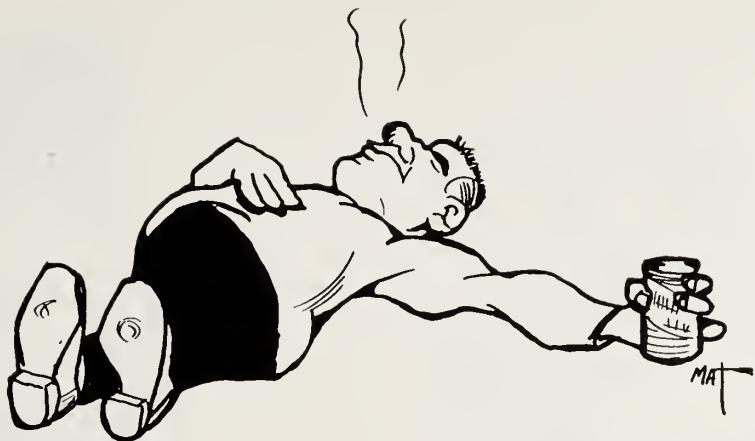
The Assistant Comptroller

The Assistant Comptroller idolizes the Comptroller. He has read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' innumerable times and still thinks Simon Legree is the hero. Not too many Brothers know the Assistant Comptroller as he is usually caged.



The Comptroller

The Comptroller is usually the only Brother who can pay his bill. No one knows where he gets the money but he is clever with figures. The Comptroller levies fines for the good of the Brotherhood. He wears nice clothes, too.



The Dispensing Chairman

The Dispensing Chairman is the only Brother with a redder nose than the Social Chairman. No one understands why the Dispensing Chairmen use so much Vitalis as they are usually bald. Sometimes Dispensing Chairmen turn out all right. Then they are written up in 'Life'.



The Social Chairman

Many think the Social Chairman is chosen because of his red nose. This is not always true. Social Chairmen are charged with getting chaperones who know enough to stay home. Sometimes the chaperones don't stay home. There is a big turnover among Social Chairmen.



The House Manager

No one is quite sure just what the House Manager does but every one^e is afraid to ask him as he is usually very sensitive. Some Houses offer prizes for those guessing what the House Manager does, but no one has ever collected. It is easy to find the House Manager. His is the only room where there is light enough to read.



The Rushing Chairman

The Rushing Chairman is the Brother trusted out alone. In many cases he can read and sometimes even talk intelligently. He brings Freshmen to the House to meet the other Brothers. He is always bringing new Freshmen to the House to meet the other Brothers. Sometimes a Freshman comes twice. Then he is initiated.



The Steward

Everyone hates the Steward. He is a militant vegetarian. He is often a paranoid, too.



The Assistant Steward

The Assistant Steward isn't worth mentioning.

Ed McManus '59

A cartoon illustration of a printing press. A hand is shown operating the lever of the press, which is printing the word "YAHOO!" onto a stack of papers. The press is located in a workshop with various tools and equipment visible in the background. A line extends from the end of the press towards the bottom right corner of the frame.

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YA-HOO

Correspondence School

Leading to Degrees in
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Mathematics, English,
Medicine and Physics

Presents Lesson 28 in This
Advanced Medicine Course

“ON TO THE BRAIN”

And now dear student The Ya Hoo-ian School of Correspondence brings you lesson 28, "On To The Brain". It warms our little cardiac to think that you are interested enough in the medical profession to have followed us through twenty-seven gloriously gory hours. It is apparent from your last week's homework that your removal of your wife's appendix was a crashing success. It is apparent too that your removal of your wife was an even greater success—oh well, it's all for the cause; just be sure that the hole in the cellar is still open, for today we are going to delve into the mysteries of the brain (isn't this fun)? For your patient we suggest your mailman, the little old lady next door, your mother-in-law, or if a large overhead mirror is obtainable, *yourself*.

Preparation

Now put that hot little scalpel down and first obtain the following:

1. operating table (ironing board, providing patient is thin)
2. 1 plunger—8 inch diameter—(don't ask questions, just get it)
3. 4 sponges
4. 2 scalpels
5. 12 ping pong balls (you're asking questions again. Shut up.)
6. 1 Smith & Wesson 38 revolver
7. 2 head spreaders
8. hot water—must have hot water—lots and lots of hot water
9. band aids
10. anesthetics (ether, gin, Tabu, etc.)

Operation

Now dear student you are ready to begin. Most important in the operation process is the proper alignment of implements. If you are right handed be sure that they are set up from right to left; if, however, you are left handed they must be aligned from left

to right—or is it the other way around? Oh, the hell with it, stack them in a pile.

Next we come to the process of anestheti, anesthath, anistithi—putting the patient to sleep. If the patient is male use method demonstrated in diagram 1. If on the other hand the patient is female, utilize method described in diagram 2. (see diagrams at end of lesson.) Now pick up one of those shiny scalpels. If the patient is not properly put to sleep you may encounter resistance. Should your patient show resistance, use tact, use kindness, use more anesthetic, use the revolver.

With an incision made at A. you are about to explore this most complex of human organs, this masterpiece of construction, this damn thing that causes all your hangovers.

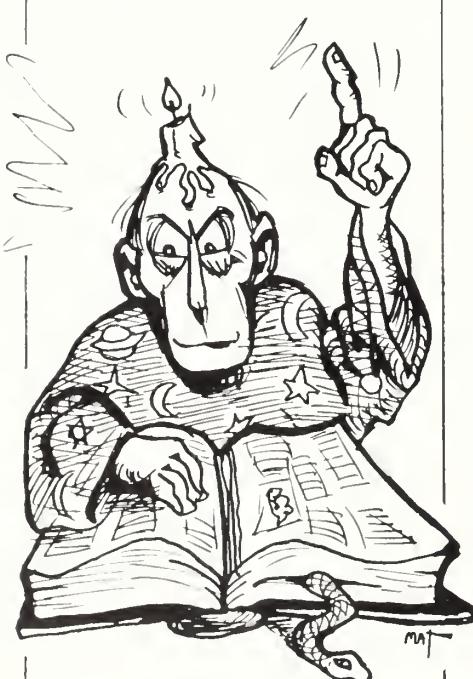
(Continued on next page)

You'll Find What You Want



at the
C & C
Package Store

Old Textbooks at



BAUCOM'S

In section A (see diagram 3), notice that the man in diagram 3 has an acute case of Dirtymind, a condition which can only be alleviated by the elimination of those damn Freudian impulses also located in section A or for extreme cases, elimination of the cerebrum. Hurry up, take your eyes of those ridiculous diagrams! Your patient is getting off the table! Don't hesitate—use tact, use the anesthetic, use the revolver, use the ping pong balls! Once you have your patient back on the table try not to show any signs of panic—develop a bed-side manner.

In section B you will encounter the Stimulae-Motor-Umbo Tract, or Think Hole. Notice the intricate system of nerve centers, notice the ingeneous mechanism extending diagonally across the brain. From the posterior of B to the posterior of C this construction which oddly enough looks like a zipper is called the Zipper. The Stimulae-Motor-Umbo-Tract, or for convenience—SMUT controls feeling, response, and sensitivity. A good athlete needs an active SMUT. Should the SMUT be impaired to any degree the patient will be reduced to a babbling idiot, so for God's Sake go wash your hands! (Isn't this fun?)

But back to the table. It is getting late and you have yet to examine diagram 3, section C. Hold your breath now. That's right. You are about to look at the Memory-Auto-Suggestion-Compartment! Take your grubby little eyes off the girl in A and look at the Memory-Auto-Suggestion-Compartment or we will see to it that you don't get Lesson 29, "On To Reproduction." Now notice the memory nucleae, notice the area of fact storage, notice that your shaky little scalpel has just punctured the Think Hole. Keep fooling around buddy, and you'll be sorry. What do you think your playing with, a basketball or something? Now before your candle goes out, examine compartment C carefully. This is perhaps the most essential, the most important phase of the brain; in fact every brain has one. The duties of the

Memory - Auto - Suggestion - Compartment are numerous. Besides controlling memory, breathing, the sex drive, and body temperature, it is also instrumental in keeping the head warm during the winter.

And so as the sun sinks slowly on our beloved compartment C and as our beloved patient sinks slowly to the floor we say good-by Lesson 28.

Conclusion

We hope that from today's lesson you have learned as much as have we in bringing it to you. You may, with assurance tell all of your friends that you are profoundly familiar with the following:

1. The Metencephalon
2. The Myelencephalon
3. The 38 Smith and Wesson
4. Taenia Saginata
5. Texas Cattle Fever
6. Your Patient
7. The fact that Compartment A is followed by Compartments B and C
8. Your Dirty Hands
9. Something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue.
10. SMUT

In closing we would like to say that your patient (the guy with the gaping hole in his head, idiot) is apparently inconvenienced no end. When he wakes (we have our fingers crossed) he may show signs of fatigue. If on the other hand he does not regain consciousness may we refer to the pamphlet "What To Do Until The Police Come". Bye now.

"Mother, Mother, why can't I go outside and throw snow-balls like all other boys and girls?"

"Mary, I've told you a thousand times, it will rust your hooks."

Votehere Speaks:

"The best of all possible debates."

Youripadeze Speaks:

(To Votehere) "SHUTTUP DAMMIT, SHUTTUP
SHUTTUP SHUTTUP!"

Sodacrackers Speaks:

"We are debating whether it is Just to spend our last dracma on the Flicks."

Odiferous Speaks:

"That's what you were debating when the Greek Feds picked me up ten years ago."

Sodacrackers Speaks:

"But it is a discussion of such magnanimous possibilities!"

Votehere Speaks:

"The most magnanimous of all magnanimous possibilities."

Softcleats Speaks:

"Besides, my friends, the picture is continuous."

Sodacrackers Speaks:

"Let us hurry or we shall miss the Oedipus cartoon!"

Odiferous Speaks:

"First I must speak of my adventures! While in a public bath I met a goddess who calls herself Calypso! By the gods she was a fascinating wench!"

Chorus:

"I wish I were a little wench."

Strophe:

"Who lived in a city without a stench."

Antistrophe:

"I'd always be happy, I'd always be bright."

Apostrophe:

"I'd hang on my door a little red light."

Votehere Speaks:

"This is the best of all possible adventures."

Youripadeze Speaks:

(To Votehere) "Shutup you fool!"

Sodacrackers Speaks:

(To Votehere) "This is an insult!"

Votehere Speaks:

(To Sodacrackers) "This is the best of all possible insults!"

Odiferous Speaks:

"But my friends, what of my ripe and beautiful wife, Cantaloupe? And my son, Telephone?"

Pluto Speaks:

(To Odiferous) "Your family prospers, Odiferous,"
"but what of the Flicks, my friends?"

Sodacrackers Speaks:

"What's playing?"

Youripadeze Speaks:

"Birth of a Nation!"

Pluto Speaks:

"Is is Ideal?"

Odiferous Speaks:

"No, I saw it in Rome and it stinks."

Softcleats Speaks:

"Too late my friends! It is now after the Ides of March! Admission has jumped to two dracmas!"

All Speak:

"Dammit!*" (*there was only one theatre on Crate and it was too cold to swim to the Athenian drive-in)

Odiferous Speaks:

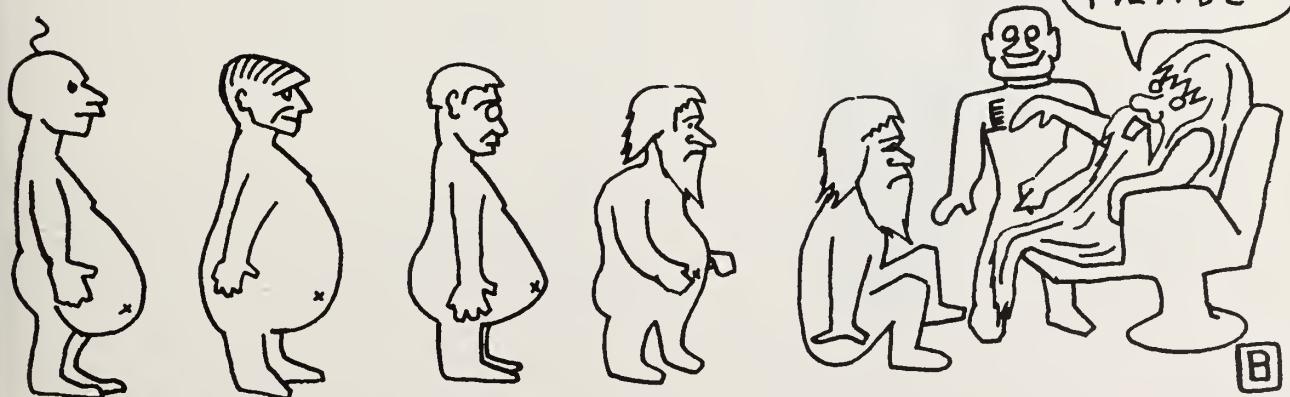
"My friends, let us while away the hours by burning peasants as offerings to Juice."

Votehere Speaks:

"This is the best of all possible suggestions!"

All Exeunt

Frustrated '59



NO WAITING AT THE SCALP SHOP



"CAPITALIST!"



"HOW'S MY 'WHAT'!?"

It was a tense moment in the ROTC colonel's life. What with Russia getting more uppity each day, the mock maneuvers they were on might turn into the real thing any moment. When their field radio was silenced almost ominously, he was certain that something was up. Nervously he and his staff paced up and down on a small hill near their command post. Finally a small scout plane zoomed high overhead and from it came a carrier pigeon.

Powerful field glasses followed every flap of the pigeons wings until it fluttered into a nearby coop, and the colonel raced over to get the message. He opened it with trembling hands, read it, cursed, and threw it on the ground, then walked off with his face a bright purple. A young staff lieutenant waited until he was out of sight, then picked up the message. It said, "I have been sent down for being naughty in my cage."



Question: "What's the best way to keep a horse from frothing at the mouth?"

Answer: "Teach it to spit."



"Mr. Jones, I'm afraid your son is spoiled."

"He is *not*, Mr. Smith, and I resent your saying such a thing."

"Well, have it your way, but come and see what the steamroller did to him."



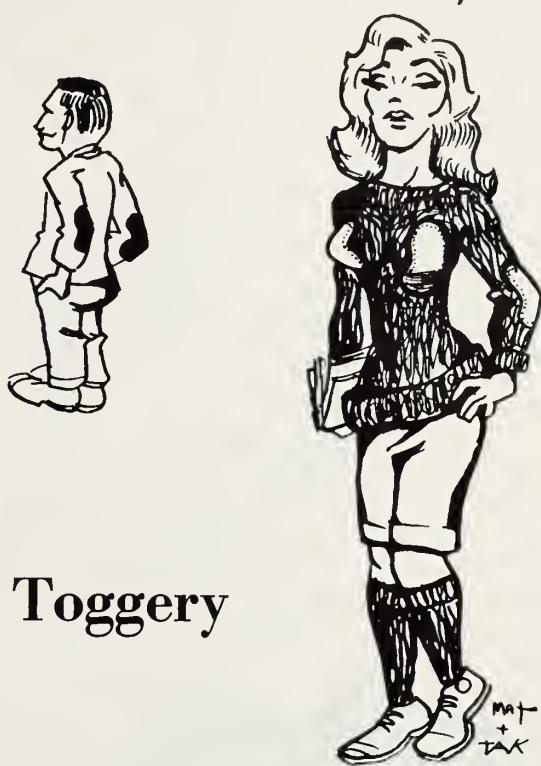
An Alabama farmer passed away and the preacher came to his wife to get some information about the unfortunate to use in his eulogy at the church service. "Was he an Elk, a Mason, a Woodsman? Did he belong to the Chamber of Commerce, the Ku Klux Klan?" asked the preacher.

"What is the Ku Klux Klan?" asked the bereaved wife.

"Well, you might say that's the devil under a sheet," explained the preacher.

"That he was!" she replied with a timid smile.

House of Walsh



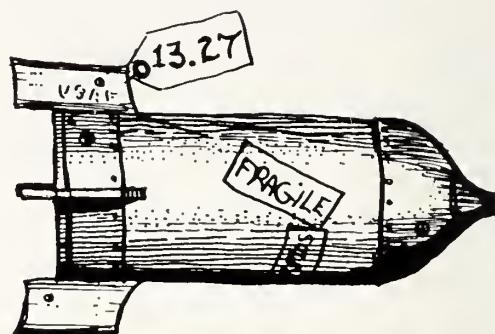
Toggery



DOCTOR CORNELIUS' SHOP BY MAIL

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE SURPLUS ATOMIC BOMBS

Yes, it's true! Due to the huge governmental shift to the newer Hydrogen Bomb we are prepared to offer you these genuine Atomic Bombs at a fraction of their original price! Mind you, these are the very bombs that were dropped on Hiroshima! Excellent for digging swimming pools, foundation construction, and a wealth of other home uses! Now only \$13.27! Be the first family in your neighborhood to have radiation burns! Hurry!



ATOMIC BOMB

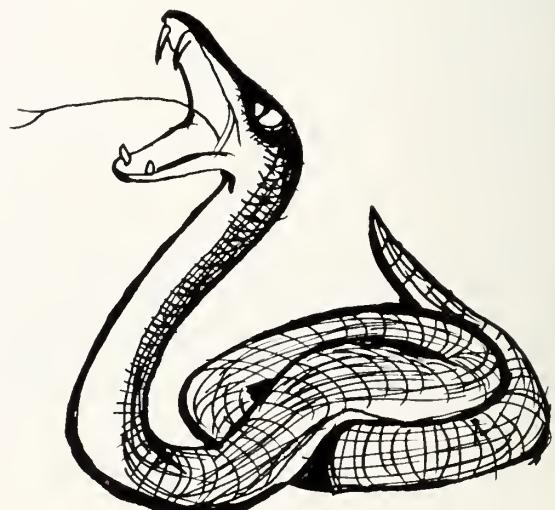


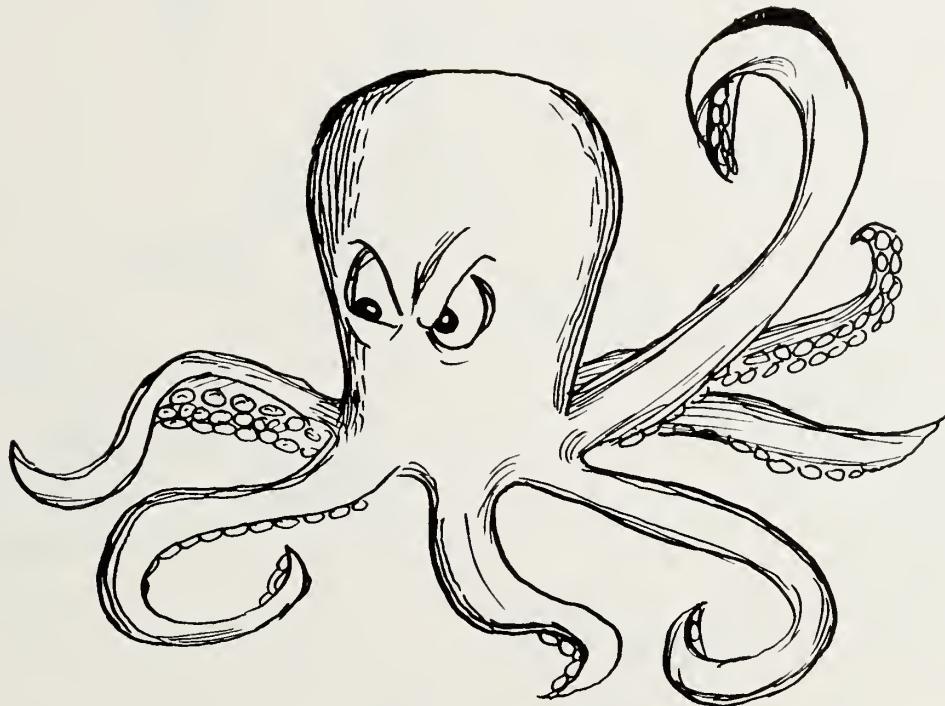
CUBAN BLACK TARANTULAS

Now, for as little as \$1.32, your face can be just as disfigured as those of the Cuban banana loaders! Tell your friends you once belonged to a German dueling fraternity and watch them cringe with envy! Imagine the reaction you'll get when you do "The Dance"! And only you will know the secret! Act now! Accept no substitutes!

GOVERNMENT INSPECTED PYTHONS

For a very short time we are able to make this sensational offer of a forty foot Python for as little as \$1.99! Now you can have one of these lovable and companionable reptiles in your very own home! Make no mistakes! This is the same Python that strangles hundreds of explorers every year! Imagine how the children will obey when they see this crawling towards them! Put it on the roof and watch the mailman's expression as it slips down upon him! Supply is limited and this offer cannot be repeated! Hurry!





FULL GROWN OCTOPUSES

Just the thing for club or home pool! Think of the looks of surprise registering on your friends faces when they find themselves being slowly dragged under! Only \$2.73 while they last! Fun for young and old!

Send \$.50 (no stamps) for the Doctor's illustrated catalogue containing these and many other bargains (African VooDoo Kit), courses (Embalming: Self-Taught), and books of general guidance (Thermodynamics: Its Place In The Fraternity).

And, don't forget to mention that you saw it in *Y-a-Hoo.* Ed McManus '59

INTERVIEW WITH AN ENGINEER

(Continued from page 7)

S.S.: Oh I get woozy looking at that Jean Harlowe and Clara Bow gets me right . . .

Announcer: Who?

Sidney Slob: Jean Harlowe and Clara Bow.

Ann.: Who in hell are Jean Harlowe and Clara Bow?

S.S.: You don't get around much do you?

Ann.: OH WHAT A GRAND SENSE OF HUMOR!

S.S.: You're hurting my arm.

Ann.: Now Mr. Slob, do you have a parting word for all neophyte . . . I mean new engineers?

S.S.: Yes I have, but first let me show you my slide rule.

Ann.: I don't want to see your dirty little slide rule.

S.S.: Just look at it, it's a beauty!

Ann.: Stop waving that stick under my nose.

S.S.: Isn't it a dream?

Ann.: I said, 'Stop waving that stick under my nose.'

S.S.: But it's so perfect . . . oops, I hit you in the eye didn't I? I'm sorry but I just wanted you to see . . . don't take my slide rule!

Ann.: HEH HEH HEH!

S.S.: YOU'RE BREAKING MY SLIDE RULE!

Ann.: HEH HEH HEH!

S.S. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT JAGGED PIECE?

Ann.: HEH HEH HEH!

And so ladies and gentlemen, we bring to a close tonight's transcribed interview with Mr. Sidney Slob, Graduate Engineer. Leaders of the years ahead, look to your idol!

Ed McManus



"At first I thought it was just a wart . . ."



"Fred, did you hear that rumbling sound?"

POE'S ELDORADO REVISITED

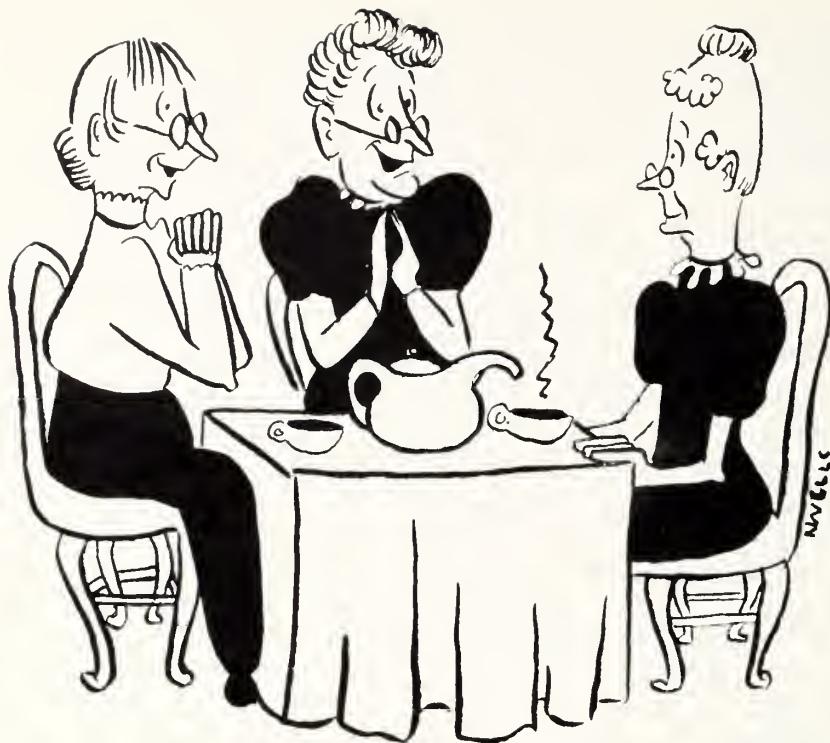
Motley bedecked,
A broken wreck,
Filled with a false bravado,
Had journeyed afar
In search of the car
That is known as the Eldorado.

As day grows old,
This rogue grows bold,
And when descends the shadow,
He'll oft forage
In a closed garage
In search of an Eldorado.

And as his strength
Failed him at length,
He saw a speeding shadow,
"That shadow!" said he,
"Yes it must be!
"The car called Eldorado!"

He runs along,
Singing a song,
Towards the speeding shadow,
A sickening thud,
A pool of blood,
He has found his Eldorado.

E.A.P.



"Here's to Betsy tried and true . . ."

Two nurses were getting back to the hospital late one evening and as they walked in the front door, they encountered one of the doctors. "Oh, doctor, we're sorry we're coming in after hours," said one of the nurses.

"That's all right, girls," said the doctor. "I'm just going out after mine now."

* * *

"Mother, Mother, why can't I get out of bed and play like Johnny?"

"Mary, I've told you a thousand times, you're in a coma."

Professor: "If, in going down this incline, I gain four feet per second, what will be my condition after 25 seconds?"

Student: "You'll be a centipede."

* * *

Mary has just pushed her mother off a cliff. As she hits and splatters Mary says: "Now Mother, don't make me laugh, you know my lips are chapped."

* * *

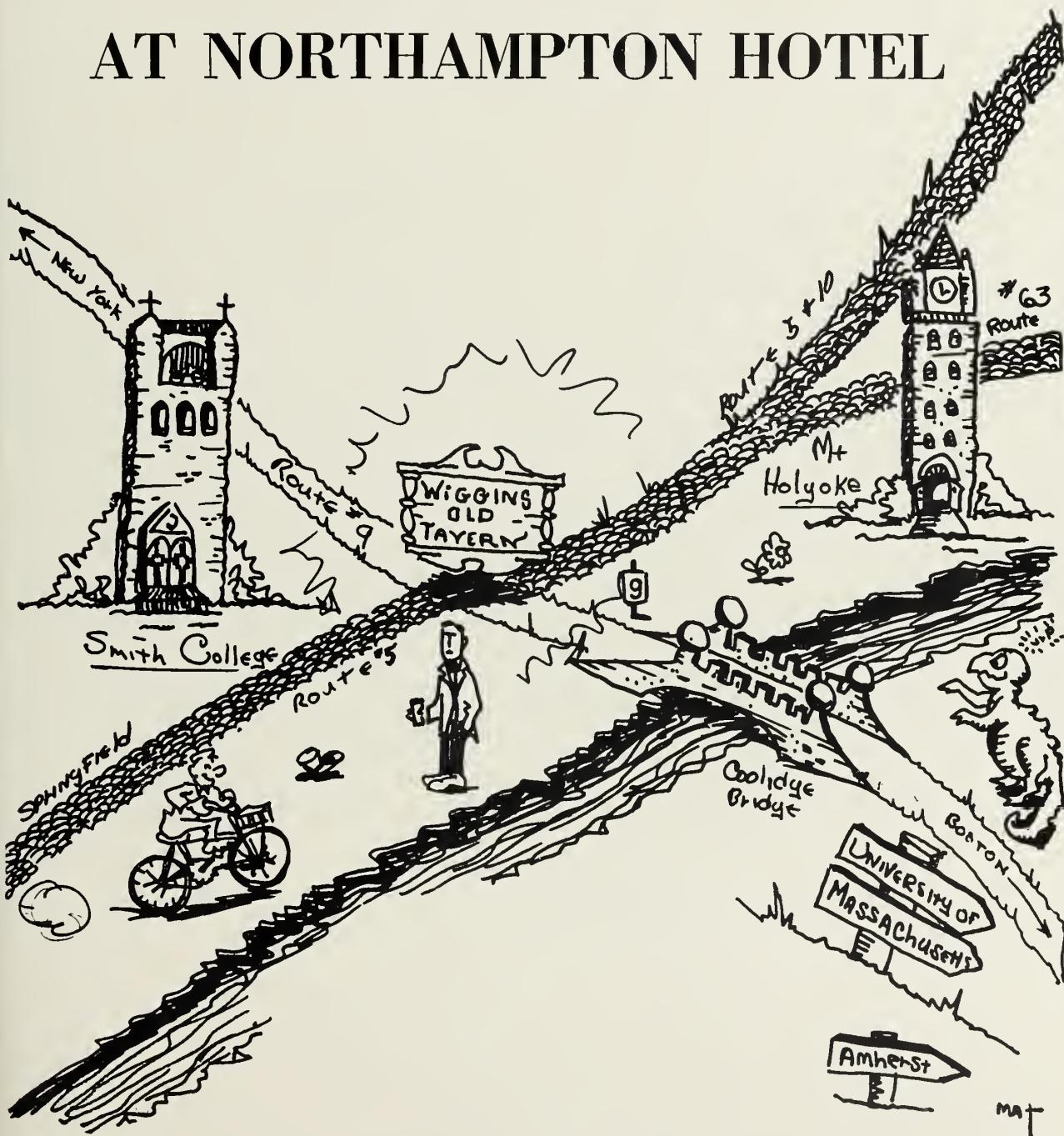
Two roosters were caught in a deluge of rain. One ran for the coop and the other made a duck under the porch.

MONTGOMERY'S



*Flowers to Suit
The Occasion*

ALL ROADS LEAD TO WIGGINS AT NORTHAMPTON HOTEL



Friday Night is College Night

COME AND GET YOUR COLONIAL CLAY PIPE

"I've tried 'em all. It's Camels for me. They taste just right and they're real easy to get along with, pack after pack."

Herman Kitcher
DOCUMENTARY FILM CAMERAMAN



B. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HAVE A REAL CIGARETTE

...have a *Camel!*



Discover the difference between "just smoking"... and *Camels*!

Taste the difference!

Camels are full-flavored and deeply satisfying — pack after pack. You can count on Camels for the finest taste in smoking.

Feel the difference!

The exclusive Camel blend of quality tobaccos is unequalled for smooth, agreeable smoking. Camels are easy to get along with.

Enjoy the difference!

Try today's top cigarette. You'll see why more people smoke Camels, year after year, than any other brand. They've really got it!

$\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} f(x) dx = 0$

